

692 THE *Templar*
TEMPLER's K
BILL of COMPLAINT;
TO
The Right HONOURABLE
THE
Lord High Chancellor.

Et Spes & Ratio Studiorum.

Juv.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. WALTHOE, over-against the Royal-
Exchange in Cornhill. M.DCC.XXVII.

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THE
*TEMPLE*R's
 BILL of COMPLAINT.



*L*AINTS, unattempted yet in *Bill*
 [or *Count*,
 Ope, heav'nly Muse ! and, OCKHAM !
 [thou thine Ear,
 Thy gracious Ear, still open to th' Op-
 [press'd,
 Th' Insane, the Widow'd, Fatherless and Poor,
 Vouchsafe indulgent, while thy Suppliant shews
 How bound, advent'rous, in Pursuit of *Fee*,

Days, Nights, and Terms and Seasons he turmoil'd
 Thro' the rough Realms of *Tear-books* and *Reports*,
 (Dark, chearless Regions!) till Disasters dire
 Him fierce beleagur'd, and aloof detain'd
 Friends, Viands, Comfort — Ah! at Complaints like these
 Of *Sheriff-Myrmidons*, or *Duns* obdur'd,
 Who can from Tears refrain? Ev'n thou, who clos'st
 Death's dreadful Sentence, by the Name *Jack Ketch*,
 Fam'd and abhorr'd, ev'n thou, wilt gentle Tear
 Let fall, and wonder at thy soft'ning Heart.

WIG-powd'ring *Jacob*, who each Morn assails
 Chaps horrid with Mustachios, dares not more
 Approach me, galled by the grizly Fiends,
 That fore belay me; nor on Morn or Eve

Makes

Makes *Susan* Visitations; † *Susan*, skill'd
 To whirl a Mop, and deck Sleep's downy Couch
 With Art unequal'd, as *Chrusëis* erst
 Grac'd *Agamemnon's*. Nor in these alone
 Excell'd the peerless : She forth sparkling Flint
 Could conjure *Vulcan*, and rebate the Rage
 Of *Eurus*, noxious to quiescent Scribe.
 Bereav'd, O *Susan* ! of thy tender Aid,
 Where now shall I repose me ? How console
 Me thus bemeagred ? Ah ! how fall'n, how chang'd
 From what thou clasp'dst enamour'd, while on Morns
 I clung extatick to thy roseate Lips,
 Thy Lips, more fragrant than imperial Tea,
 Or Spice Arabian. Farewell, happy Morns !

† The Laundress.

Ye Morns of Dalliance ! Now nor roseate Lips,
 Nor Blaze enliv'ning, nor amusive Tea,
 (Tea, lov'd Potation of the taleful Fair !)
 Nor Chocolate, Strength'ner of the Back and Reins,
 Nor Brain-composing Coffee, on Morns provoke
 Detractive Tale, or amorous Disport.
 But vile *Inspid*, by the Vulgar call'd
Gruel, meet Diet for lank-cheeked Spleen,
 Me lonely sipping saddens, nor admits
 Or Bloom encrimson'd, or fermenting Vein.

But ah ! when *Phæbus* baits at half-way House,
 And ringing Gratulations chime aloud
Meridian gain'd, strait *Hunger* with the News
 Makes eager Visitation, and disturbs
 Deep Contemplations on th'important Case
 Of

Of *John of Styles*. Oh! *Hunger!* worst of *Duns!*
 From thee, nor Lord's Protection, *Dies non*,
 Nor borrow'd Name, nor Lodgings chang'd, nor Park
 Nor other Place of Privilege can save!
 What should I do? nor Promises avail,
 Nor Shield of Patience, tho' by *Mulcibers*
 Cœlestial temper'd. Furious oft to calm
 Th' outrageous Fiend, I plunge, but plunge in vain
 In Pocket vacant my officious Hand;
 And sigh, and rave, and curse the tardy Pace
 Of sluggard Time; till Temple-horn aloud,
 With Blast Heart-cheering, to Repast forth calls
 The sable Bands, from Chambers, Coffee-house,
 Where-e'er they commune or on Moot or Quirk,
 Intrigues or Favours. Rav'nous as the Bird,
 Hight *Scare-crow*, darts at Carrion, nor unlike,
Wrapt

Wrapt in my tatter'd Sables, forth I rush
 To *Temple-Hall* ; there eye with secret Glee
 Clusters of Rolls, Brown bread, Cheese, Vinegar,
 And all the dreadful Instruments of Rage
 Esurient, Knives and Forks, and Plates and Spoons,
 And Mugs of verdant Hue, on either Side
 Marshal'd in deep Array. I take my Post,
 And while *Grace-Herald*, with uplifted Eyes
 Cants Orison preludious, hark demure
 As *Romish* Priest, while bloomy Nymphs confess,
 Heats, Palpitations, Longings, Languishments,
 And Dreams impure ; nor yet or Heav'n or Grace
 Engage me ; but what Havock I shall make,
 What Cuts devour, with Transport I foresee.
Bear-garden Hero thus with Cut or Tap
 Opiate of Quarter-staff, in Thought subdues
 Antagonist,

Antagonist, while prologuing on high
 He wields, or Club or Back-sword, that portend
 Indented Nose, Ribs batter'd, Gashes dire,
 And gushing Gore; to *Britain's* warlike Sons
 Delightful Prospects! Now with Arms in Hand,
 Not less resolv'd than *Peleus'* wrathful Son,
 When fir'd with Vengeance for his slaughter'd Friend,
 He strode in Arms terrific, and assail'd
Troy's heav'n-doom'd Tow'rs; voracious down I plunge
 On jaw-devoted Shoulder, Leg, or Rump,
 And Gobbets, wondrous to be seen, ingulf
 With Gape enormous. But my Fury soon
 Suspending, with intreative Eyes, and all
 The Rhetoric of Looks, I crave a * Flask

* It is usual with the Benchers of the *Middle-Temple* to send Wine to their Acquaintance.

Of venerable Benchers. Ah ! unmov'd
 As cramb'd Divine beholds a Lazar forth
 Extend his needy Palm ; he gorges on,
 Nor ought regards my Looks. Forgive me, Heav'n !
 I fret, I lour, I imprecate in Thought,
 And wreak my Vengeance on the prostrate Joint.

BUT soon the Conflict o'er, nor yet the Rage
 Of Hunger half repress'd, with Head on Arm
 Reclin'd, in pensive Mood I sit, and view
Exceedings serv'd, upheaving Groans full deep,
 As e'er forth issued from the plaintive Mouth
 Of Suppliant wailing for his Bill dismiss'd.
 Thus *Alexander*, fam'd for Conquest, whilst
 The World him Sov'reign own'd, sat down and sigh'd
 For Worlds unfound to vanquish, and with Ken
 Invi-

Invidious ey'd the Moon, and wish'd it near,
Thro' glorious Thirst of Slaughter and Uproar.

AND gazing now on the Ruins, and the Place,
Bleak desolated Place! where steam'd the Beef
And Incense sav'ry up my Nostrils fum'd,
Full sad I rise, and take my saunt'ring Roam
Thro' Lanes, thro' Courts, o'er Pavements, Flags and
[Sands,
Uncertain, pond'ring, or with whom, or where
The Fates, indulgent, might conduct my Steps,
Of Visit in Pretence, to fill up Chinks
With supplemental post-meridian Tea.

BUT lo! detach'd on horrible Emprize,
Two grizly Proulers *Temple*-ward incline
B 2 Their

Their baleful Progress. Fraught with ranc'rous Guile,
 Low growling stalk'd they, and around them sly
 Roul'd their Prey-seeking Orbs. An elvish Gloom
 Their Aspects o'er intern'd, and on their Brows
 Barbarity sat louring. On they strode,
 A horrid Pair! deep pond'ring in their Souls
 Hell-bred Extortion, Fees and Ambush foul.

HORROR I spy'd the Monsters, and back fled,
 All frightened and astound, and cry'd out *Catch-pole!*
 The *Temple* started at the hideous Name,
 Thro' all her Chambers, and forth Windows back
 Resounded *Catch-pole!* Swift I fled; more swift
 The Fiends pursued, and forcible around
 Embrac'd me, all dismay'd, and heaving Groans,
 Piteous enough to soften stubborn Oak,

Or

Or Elint, or ought but Adamantine Heart

Of ruthless *Dun*, of his obdur'd Compeer.

And now — but lo! assemble to my Aid

Hosts numberless and dread. As wrathful *Jove*

Avengeful Thunders, and the lowering Heav'n's

Burst into Show'rs; then Torrents black and foul

Roar down the Sinks, and (dreadful to behold!)

Sweep grinning Cats and huge-tail'd Rats along:

Not with less Rage now rush'd from various Parts,

Clerks, Footmen, Shoe-boys, Barbers, Tritons, all

The *Temple* Posse, and with Mop-sticks, Oars,

Blocks, Brushes, Rulers, Pokers, Brooms and Tongs

Enlarge the Captive, and, infuriate, pour

Perdition on the Monster. Trampled, dragg'd,

And o'er belabour'd with Ten thousand Stripes,

O *Catch-pole! Catch-pole!* learn, ah! learn, no more,

With

With Sole unhallow'd to prophane the *Temple*.
 As *Reynard*, that oft-times in Ambush lurk'd
 For Lamb excursive, and with Tyrant Heart,
 To *Malepardus* dragg'd the weanling Prey,
 Snarls unavailing, while o'erpowr'd by Hosts
 Latrant, he falls : in vain the Monster so
 Belch'd dol'rous Groans, which would from human
 Move Pity, but from his obdurate Rage. [Mouth
 And now his Soul to Hell's profoundest Gulf,
 With kindred *Dæmons* had been hurl'd; but lo!
 Revolving in his Breast the dire Effects
 Of popular Commotion and Uproar,
 Aloof the awful Minister of Peace
 Hung forth his Flag, whereon the Fates inscribed
 Their Doom, who, riotous in wild Hubbub,
 Scare Peace away. His Aspect, Port and Wand,
 (That

(That Wand Somniferous, whose gentle Tap
Stills clam'rous Tongues, and charms ev'n Rage to
[sleep !]
Known well, and fear'd, obsequious to the Sight,
With Magick as enchanted, strait their Wrath
Resign th' Avengers, and desert the Fray.

MEAN Time aghast and pallid as a Feme
Way-faring in the Dark, whom vengeful Ghost
Of horned Spouse revisits, swift, with Eye
Retorted oft and circumspect, I rush
To Chambers, and with double Valves, and Bolts,
And Chairs, and Tables, barricade the Door.
Alas! nor Doors, nor Chairs, nor Bolts avail
'Gainst *Warrant of Escape!* Resistless Scroll!
At Sight of thee Portcullices, and Valves,
And Windows ope spontaneous; Garrets, Nooks,
Cellars

Cellars unfold their Entrails, and disgorge
 Unkennell'd Debtor. And now *Terrors* grim,
 And horrid, as Hell-furies, burst their Way,
 Thund'ring, thro' shatter'd Doors, and, vengeful, drag
 Me, bastinado'd, to black Dungeon, 'clipt
Limbo, drear Mansion of *Insolvents*, where
 Groans *Wretchedness* inchain'd, and, shudd'ring, wrapt
 In Tatters noisom, stares, with Eyes aghast,
 Her hideous Train, Self-writhing, wan and foul,
 Throat-parching *Thirst*, Paunch-gnawing *Hunger*,
 Teeth-chattering, sleepless *Pangs*, brain-racking *Shifts*,
 Heart-broke *Repentance*, and sigh-heaving *Spleen*.
 Nor these among, outrageous, Day and Night
 Cease Ministers of Dolours, *Goblins* fell,
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse

Than

Than Chaplain yet has feign'd, or Nurse conceiv'd,
Catch poles and Turnkeys and Etceteras dire.

MIDST Horrors here indungeon'd, and with
 [Groans,
 And the loud Clank of Irons peal'd, I pass
 The wailful Gloom, contemplative and sad
 As Horse or Ass in penitential Pound,
 For Rent-arrear or Trespas; and sometimes,
 Deep-sighing, ruminate his Joys, who dwells
 In the Third Region of the *Temple*, far
 From Gloom and Durance. Penal Bonds or Plaints
 Of Debtor lachrymable ne'er disturb
 His Morning Slumbers; but when Warbling shrill
 Of Chimney-sweep or Triton usher in
 The Morn, he yawns, and indolent extends;

Nor waking sighs, or sickness with the Qualms
 Of Conscience, nor the Gods with Pray'r molests :
 But am'rous Thought indulges, or reflects
 On *Coke* ; or *Jove*-like from above surveys
 The subject Globe, Streams, Barges, Houses, Trees,
 Chairs, Carts and Hackneys, Serjeants, Oyster-nymphs
 Promiscuous mingle ; or, secure from Palm
 Retentive of fell *Catchpole*, hurls aloof
 Defiance, unappall'd, at ruthless *Dun* :
 Or Billet-deux peruses, or Disports
 In Labyrinths of *Pleading* or *Record*,
 Delightful Mazes ! Or with formal Band
 And Looks demure and studious, as perplex'd
 With knotty Points and Queries, entertains
 Fee bearing Client. But when *Matron Night*

Rook-like sits brooding on the Streets, and wide
 Out-spreads her rev'rend Night-rail, he beneath
 Begirt with Sword, and spruce with powder'd Bobb,
 Or takes an Act; or forth, advent'rous, roves
 To consecrated Haunts of vagrant Nymphs
 Devote to *Venus*; or at *Will's*, or *Tom's*,
 Or other nightly Rendezvous, from Nod
 Oracular of Politician, learns
 The Fate of *Europe*; or with social Friend
 Repairs to *Gill*, or *Mug-house*, and regales
 On Chop or Stake, and nectarous Draught of *Bubb*.

O *Bubb* transportive! to the tuneful Tribe,
 Than Spring *Pierian*, or cool purling Brook
 Of *Helicon* more grateful! thee unhail'd

The Muse ought not to pass, who frequent soars
 By thee uprais'd ærial, and presumes
 Above the Flight of *Poetastic* Wing.

O Gracious ! would'st thou deign thine Aid, and
 [drench
 My parched Clarion; like *Miltonian* Ape,

How wou'd I now forth-bellow in thy Praise,
 With Mouth loud-sounding, and Earth-shaking
 [Strides!

Vain Invocation ! far from *Pauper's* Ken,
 Incellar'd deep by *Froth-pot Cerberus*, nought,

Save Magic *Sterling*, can evoke thee thence,
 All-pow'rful *Sterling* ! to thy *Syren* Chink

Responsive, fugues *Ausonia* ; *India* West

And East waft *Delicates* remote ; and forth,

In Gambols, from his watty Realms upstarts

Leviathan ; and (horrible to hear !)

Hoarse

Hoarse rumbles *Paet after*. With thy Love,
 Smit with thy sacred Love, how oft in vain
 Sat I expectant, where the Law-learn'd plead
Exchequer, Chancery, or the Rolls! But chief
 Thee, *King's-Bench!* and thy † Crickets oft on Morns
 I visited with Note-Book, and intent
 Beheld the coifed *Venerables* shake
 Their awful Wigs full-bottom'd, and contract
 Their fateful Brows in Labour, or of Quirk,
 Or nice Distinction, till Gut-wambling Noon
 Advis'd Adjournment, and Refection meet.
 Thus Appetite with Noon, and with the Year
 The Terms return, but not to me return

† Seats for Students in Court.

Fee, or the grave Approach of *Bill* or *Brief*,

Sollicitor, Attorney, Client-Friend ;

But Grates instead, and ever-gripping *Want*,

And all *Want's* Offspring. (hideous ev'n to name !

Ah! how more hideous to be felt !) surround

Me thus enduranc'd from the Joys of Life.

Nor These against, or *Statute*, or the Law,

Eclipse the *Common*, Remedy prescribes.

To You, then lowly, these my *Plaints* be made,

To You, benevolent as Grace, who pour

Indulgence on disastrous *Wit*, and, pleas'd

With *Tenderness* paternal, stretch your Hand

Promotive forth to *Learning*, and, humane,

Sooth *Anguish* undeserv'd ! On Suppliant thus,

Within,

Within, with out, on every Side assail'd,

Cast Eye redressive, and vouchsafe Relief,

Such, gracious, as your Wisdom meet shall judge,

And your Complainant shall unweari'd pray.

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